

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1358-1362

Chapter 1358

For a moment, I couldn't figure out who it was., "Excuse me, can I know the name of my client who has been detained?"

There was a brief pause on the other end of the phone. The police asked the alleged client, "Your name, mister."

"Alexander Zimmerman."

Zimmerman?

It was not a common last name in K City, and I was certain that he was not my client.

However, the police did not give me any chance to explain myself. "Can you hear me? Please get here as soon as possible."

He hung up right after.

Because of Bryson's case, our firm made its mark in K City. It was understandable for the alleged offender to contact Brooklyn to handle the assault charges. Why in the world would this Zimmerman engage an unknown and inexperienced lawyer like me to handle his case?

Besides, he was allegedly involved in criminal assault. I decided it was best to stay away from the man and dismiss the case to the back of my head. However, the police department called me up twice in the afternoon, and I could only begrudgingly head there to find out more.

As lawyers, it was imperative for us to maintain amicable relationships with the police because of the frequent need to go to the stations. I could not risk being on the law enforcers' bad books because of some calls.

The detention cell was on the right side of the office, in plain sight at the lobby entrance. There was only one young man being detained inside. The bruises on his face, also evidence, were blows he had suffered in the fight.

Even though Alexander was a disheveled mess, it didn't affect his youthful good looks. He was indeed worthy of his name.

We locked gaze for two seconds. I was positive I had never seen this man in my life.

"So, are you representing this man?" I recognized the voice to be the police officer who had called me earlier. "Why are you so late?"

"I was delayed by something. Can you tell me more about this young man's offence?"

"Criminal assault," the police replied in an irritated tone as he flipped through the records. "He attacked a man in the morning, and an onlooker reported the incident. Our investigation shows

that they did not know each other. When we questioned your client, he said he did it because it pleased him to do so. Has he no regard for the law?"

I was as frustrated as the police were furious at Alexander.

It was obvious that Alexander wasn't some worthless, simple-minded man. Resorting to violence was the only solution he had to his problems. I made it a rule to stay away from these people. Now that I was representing him, the police must have labeled me as a troublemaker alongside him.

Since I was already at the station, I decided to bail the young man out, lest I was bombarded with calls from the police station again.

I put up an amiable front and asked, "Excuse me, but could I talk to my client in private?"

Alexander might have broken the law, but he was still entitled to his rights. The police said nothing and merely nodded his head before letting me into the detention cell.

Alexander stood at the bars with a smug smile as soon as I walked through the door.

"Ms. Stovall, you're finally here. Please quickly bail me out. It's so boring in here."

I stopped a few feet away from him. Crossing my arms before my chest, I eyeballed my client behind the bars.

He hit a person and spent almost one whole day in police custody, yet his eyes were still beaming with delightful youthfulness. I couldn't decide if he was a carefree soul, or he was too ignorant to know what was about to befall himself.

"Do you know me?" I asked, raising a quizzical brow.

"Who doesn't in K City? You handled the case for Bryson Queen and Ziegler Corporation like a pro. Your name immediately came to my mind when I was caught. I believe you are more than capable to get me out of here, no?"

My lips curled into a thin smile as I gauged him. He was right. I made the call to take on Bryson's case, but Brooklyn handled the trial and media interviews after the court hearing. Only a shrewd mind who had analyzed the whole situation would know and appreciate the effort I had in the case.

Chapter 1359

There was no way a hotheaded young man in his mid-twenties could know.

There was only one possibility. Either he did a background check on me or someone who knew me well told him about it.

I refused to waste my time dwelling on the matter and cut to the chase. "You have two choices. Tell me the truth, and you can leave this place as soon as possible. Otherwise, prepare to stay the night in the cell."

Unfazed, Alexander remained on the spot. By taking his time to reply, I knew he was waiting to see if I would carry out my threat and leave without him. He was baiting and provoking me deliberately with his defiance. I saw through his petty tricks instantly and knew what had to be done.

How naïve! Your thoughts are written all over your face.

After meeting his stares for a while, I turned around and headed for the exit.

As expected, he relented. "Fine! I'll tell you."

I smiled and halted in my tracks without turning around to look at him.

He blurted, "I'm Emery's boyfriend."

Huh?

I thought I heard wrongly and turned around. "What did you say?"

"It's true. Emery and I knew each other in M Country, and we've been dating for a while." Alexander explained calmly as happiness filled his sapphire eyes.

One could tell if people were acting with love. He said Emery's name with such care and tenderness, as if a child was showing off his precious toys to the others. He treated her name like a precious treasure. His reaction convinced me that he was truly in love with my friend.

However, I had my doubts about what he said. Emery was at least six years older than him and she had just divorced. How did she get into a relationship so quickly?

“It’s the truth. If you don’t believe it, give Emery a call. She knows who I am,” he said earnestly when he noticed my suspicions.

Well, this is a good idea.

Since there was no point wasting my time with him, I called Emery directly.

She picked up the phone almost immediately and sounded tired, as if she was sleeping. “Hello...”

“Someone wants me to be his lawyer said he knows you. Does the name Alexander ring any bells?”

“What?” Her reaction startled me.

That meant Alexander was indeed telling the truth. I was at a loss for words.

I tilted my head sideways and saw him looking at me with excitement. At that moment, he seemed like a child waiting to see others’ reaction after pulling a prank.

“Where are you guys? I’ll be there immediately.” Emery sounded rather serious as she put on her clothes.

“We’re at the police station in Coldbridge. Drive safely.”

“Got it.”

I looked at the call history of my phone and heaved a deep sigh.

I didn't want to comment on Emery's private matters. However, Alexander didn't seem to be any better than Hunter, so I felt the need to defend her. She is such an outstanding woman. Why are those childish and irresponsible men attracted to her?

It was rather inconvenient to talk with him in the presence of the police officers, so I bailed him out and we waited for Emery in my car.

It was the stupidest decision I had made that day.

Alexander was young and extremely chatty.

"Thank you, Ms. Stovall. Right, can I visit your twins?"

"No."

"That's fine. Emery is always talking about you. Maintaining a relationship for so many years is such a rare sight. You and Mr. Fuller must love each other very much."

"Yeah," I replied, and fiddled with my phone.

It didn't stop Alexander with the endless questions. "Do you think Emery will agree to marry me?"

"No."

"Is that so? That's alright. I'm young, so I'll wait for her. She'll come around one day. You'll see."

Mister, I'm afraid you're being overconfident.

Right when I was about to give him a reality check, I heard a few thuds on the car window.

"Emery!" Alexander unbuckled his seatbelt and got off the car in a flash.

I followed him in disbelief. He was running toward Emery with his arms wide open, probably to give her a hug after a long separation.

Chapter 1360

Emery extended her hand and stopped him from getting closer. "Act normal, please."

"Am I abnormal?" Hurt, Alexander slowly put down his hands as he pacified her gently and coyly. "Darling, we haven't met for so long. I miss you so much!"

Is he whining?

At 1.8 meters tall, wearing a leather jacket and a pair of jeans, he could easily be mistaken as an idol. Who would've thought he could transform himself so effortlessly from an idol to an adorable puppy.

Did Emery change her taste of men?

Wait! Darling?

I took in a sharp breath at the shock. Did she get hitched during her one-month overseas trip?

Emery read my mind and hurriedly explained, "Stop imagining things. It's not what you have in mind."

Alexander refused to give up and argued, "Huh? No! You're going to marry me in the end, so you're my darling."

"Shut up." She rolled her eyes at him with disdain. "It's just a one-night-stand. No biggie."

Hearing her ruthless words, Alexander felt wronged as he pouted. "Darling, do you not want to be responsible for me?"

Emery was so furious by his shamelessness and shot him a sharp glare.

Watching the show, I couldn't hold back my laughter. Who would've known that the eloquent heiress of the Moore family would be rendered speechless.

I smiled and suggested, "I think you should comfort the kid's broken heart before you do anything else." I guess I was one of those bad friends people had.

Emery sighed helplessly and replied, "You can leave first. I'll take care of the things here."

Although I couldn't bear to watch someone close to me suffer, I got ready to leave, having done my part.

I patted my friend's arm and advised her to calm down before leaving in my car.

As the exit, I glanced at the rearview mirror subconsciously. Alexander was trying to get close to Emery, to no avail.

To be honest, although she was many years his senior, they still looked good together. Their interaction was romantic and sweet, with one of them taking the initiative while the other shying away.

I smiled. If Emery could have someone to love her, it would be great.

It was one in the morning when I reached J City. After driving for another one hour, I finally arrived at the family home.

Ever since George passed away, there were only a few helpers left at the house. I knocked on the door for a long while before Silas opened the door and invited me in.

“Mrs. Fuller, you could’ve told me you’re coming. I would’ve sent some men to help you with the luggage. The room isn’t cleaned, so you’ll have to bear with it tonight.” Silas instructed the maids to clean the rooms upstairs. “Quick, change the bed sheets and blankets.”

“It’s okay. Silas, I’ll sleep in Ashton’s room. Didn’t he come back here recently?”

“Erm...”

“Is something wrong?”

“Every time Mr. Fuller comes here, he stays in his parents’ room and sits on the couch the whole night. They’ve passed away years ago, so there aren’t bed sheets and blankets in the room. It won’t be comfortable for you.”

“I see. Then, I’ll leave it to you.”

“Alright.” Silas walked away and made the arrangements

He was quick with his instructions and got the arrangements done. Millie stayed in the living room downstairs that was closest to the lobby for her convenience.

Everyone was asleep by the time I finished showering.

I found my way to my late parents-in-laws’ room by memory. The door was ajar, so I pushed it slightly.

Switching on the lights, the dark room lit up instantly.

The decor in the room was exactly the same as how I remembered. The curtains were changed into new ones with the same style.

After wandering around the room, I found a newly added couch beside the French windows. I figured Ashton had spent his nights in this room sitting on that couch.

Chapter 1361

I walked in closer to the couch and saw a picture frame placed upside down on the ground beside the balcony. There were shards of broken glass everywhere. Ashton cherished all his parents’ belongings. There was no reason for such a thing to happen. Didn’t he call for the maids to clean this up?

Driven by my curiosity, I crouched down and put the broken shards away carefully. The photo frame held a wedding picture of Ashton’s parents.

Only Ashton and I were here recently. He was the culprit who broke the frame because I wasn't here to do it.

Why?

To avenge them, Ashton never let his guard down. Not even a second. Hatred followed him wherever he went. It was a constant and painful reminder that he had to seek revenge for his parents. This was one of their few photographs left protected by the frame, but he broke it into pieces.

Right when I was lost in a daze with the picture frame in my hands, a series of footsteps came from behind. They were light, but audible for me to notice someone was approaching me slowly.

I had many enemies in this world, but none would follow me here to the family home.

After calming down my wild thoughts, I turned around slowly.

Ashton's tall figure blocked my sight. His eyes were cold as though he didn't recognize me. A suffocating hostility filled the room.

A shiver ran down my spine. He was looking at me like his nemesis.

In midst of panicking, I blurted out, "Why are you here?"

I regretted saying those words the moment they left my mouth. Ashton came to the family home the most, so it wasn't odd for him to be here.

I, however, shouldn't be here. Instead of staying in my room at the Stovall residence, I was standing in front of him.

He lowered his gaze. His aloofness intensified by his silence. I finally realized he was looking at the picture frame in my hands.

I handed him the frame. Time froze for a few seconds. He took it and placed it aside without sparing a glance.

"You're mounting an investigation on me." He sounded indifferent, yet terrifying.

Deceiving to a genius like him was equivalent to self-deception, so I told the truth.

"Yes." I didn't think I was wrong. "Since you refused to tell me the truth, I can only look into it on my own. Was I wrong to do that?"

Ashton furrowed his brows as anger filled his eyes. "I've told you before. You only need to take care of yourself; I'll handle the rest."

"Yeah. I know you're omnipotent. But I can't sit by and watch you risk your life. Ashton, this is not your problem. It's ours. Why do you always have to shoulder everything yourself?" I released all the pent-up frustration that I had been suppressing at him.

"We promised to be honest with each other. Why won't you believe me? You teamed up with everyone to deceive me. You thought you had a flawless plan, but I'm no fool. I know you're hurt. Am I a selfish woman in your heart? Do you think I would accept all your arrangements, knowing how painful it has been for you?"

I really couldn't comprehend why was he behaving like this. Everything was finally getting better. Even the walls he had built around himself had crumbled.

A deafening silence enveloped the night. I could hear my voice echoing in the room.

Ashton was an unmovable mountain to me. The darkness from the endless abyss residing in his eyes was pushing me away. I couldn't pick up his emotions at all. The man I loved was hiding himself from me behind an indestructible barrier.

This time, he did it. He locked me outside his formidable fortress successfully.

A few feet separated us, but it felt as if we were living in two different dimensions. And it was as if we were living in different worlds. For a long time, I thought my efforts had paid off, and I was beginning to understand him. In the end, he still pushed me away. We stared at each other in silence for a long time. Suddenly, Ashton had snapped out of his daze. He walked to the cabinet and took the picture frame.

"What will you do if you lose your faith one day?" His voice was laced with a tinge of sorrow.

Chapter 1362

His words came out of the blue and I didn't know how to reply. After being dumbfounded for a few seconds, I tested the waters. "Is this related to your parents' death?"

He ignored my question. "There will be a charity auction tomorrow at Subis Auction. The philanthropist who has a connection with Armond will show up. I've already booked your flight ticket."

I was confused. "I'm not asking you about this. All I want to know is what is keeping you busy these days. Is there anything else besides business and revenge? Are you really okay? Can I believe the report for your checkup?"

Ashton was way too intelligent and detail. Since he followed me to J City, he would've everything planned out. Millie's friend might be trustworthy, but K City was Ashton's territory. Altering a medical report was a piece of cake to him.

All my life, I took every step with caution, like treading on ice. I dealt with Armond's schemes and Ezra's endless and deliberate attempts to make my life a living hell. Never in my wildest imagination did I expect the man I loved would keep secrets from me. I couldn't even figure out when he was telling the truth or lying to me.

In the face of my confrontation, Ashton remained calm. A moment later, he whispered, "I'm just carrying out my fate."

With his back against me, he drooped his head and stared at the photo in his hand.

He took in a deep breath and placed the frame back on the cabinet.

While watching his every move, it shocked me to see red gushing out from his palm. The blood was dripping onto the floor.

"Ashton!" I grabbed his hand and flipped it over. My heart sunk when I saw the deep cut on his palm.

Has he been holding the broken shards from the frame all this time?

He stared lifelessly at the red in his palm as if he didn't feel the pain at all.

"Silas!" I shouted at the top of my lungs without a care about my image. "Silas, quick, get the medical kit here!"

It pained the people who cared for us more than the ones who were wounded.

After seeing Ashton in this state, I couldn't bring myself to question him anymore and pushed my doubts aside.

I was expressionless when I bandaged his wound. Sitting face to face with him, I avoided eye contact with him.

I understood how agonizing it was to suppress emotions. Without an outlet to release the unbearable intensity one was experiencing, one would resort to self-harm to minimize the agony.

The pain Ashton was suffering was way worse than losing his parents.

Silas was scared out of his wits when he heard Ashton was injured. He waited outside the room with the maids and refused to leave.

The room was so silent that I could hear our breaths. I fell into a daze, staring at the bandage.

He was human, too. His ice-icy heart would warm up one day.

Perhaps his heart was cold before he met me in this room. However, he couldn't bear to see me in tears after I showed him my pain.

He reached out and took me into his arms. I stayed in his warm embrace for the entire night and he didn't let go.

To board the earliest flight back to K City, we woke up before dawn.

When we left the bedroom, I glanced back and saw the picture frame being placed upside down again.

After an hour, the plane landed. We split up at the airport and went back to make preparations.

The charity auction was a high-profile event, and even those slightly popular media in K City posted articles about this. It was said that only the wealthy and the elites of the world could take part.

I really didn't know how Ashton got his hands on two invitations.

When I reached the Stovall residence, I placed the flight ticket and invitation card on the coffee table in my bedroom. The flight was scheduled at seven in the evening, so I had the entire day to get ready.